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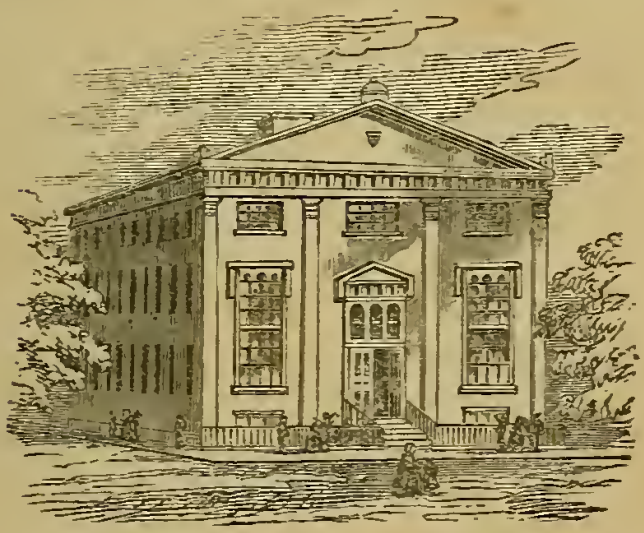
THE TWO SIXPENCES.

THE

TWO SIXPENCES.

By AUNT WINNIE.



HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

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THE TWO SIXPENCES.

In a miserable house, in a low and unpleasant portion of one of our large cities, lived two little girls, Susan and Nora Bryan. Their father was a very intemperate man, and their poor, sorrowful mother was dying with consumption. So the little girls had to go dirty and uncared for. Mrs. Treadwell, the faithful tract visitor in that neighborhood, found the family in this forlorn and wretched condition, and became much interested in them. She was a kind, tender-hearted woman, and many

a plate of toast and bowl of nice soup did she carry with her own hands to the sick woman, and many a nice, comfortable garment she found a way to get for the little ones. When the poor mother came to die, she begged of Mrs. Treadwell to look after her children. She could see nothing before them but beggary or the poorhouse.

"Their father will never do a turn for them," said she, "and he'll be glad enough to have them off his hands. Please, ma'am, look out for them, and the blessing of the Almighty will ever be with you."

Mrs. Treadwell, kind woman that she was, did not need much entreaty to look after the little girls, for her heart was already opened to them. She obtained the consent of their father, and took them directly to her own house.

There, when she had washed them and combed their hair neatly, and dressed them in clean clothes, no one would ever have suspected that they had just come from a dirty hovel. She told the little girls that they were no longer to be called by their old names, but that they must call themselves Susan and Nora Treadwell, for now they were going to be her children, and live with her all the time.

Surely it was the Lord who put it into the heart of this Christian woman to do this kind deed; for when she thought of her own scanty means of support, it really seemed a great undertaking. Her husband was infirm, and could not do the work of a common day-laborer, so that the six dollars he brought in Saturday night, and the very little which she, with her poor health, could earn by sewing, was all they had to depend on. But

the Bible says, "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked;" and with their little they had a much more comfortable and happy home than many a rich person has.

"We are poor," said she to her husband, "but these little ones are poorer still. We will do the best we can for them now, and perhaps Providence will provide a better home for them by and by."

So the good people were agreed and happy. They were grateful to God for all their blessings, and freely as they had received they could freely give. This is the Saviour's rule of benevolence, and his promise of reward always goes along with it.

Pretty soon Mrs. Treadwell heard of some nice, pleasant work which Susan and Nora could easily do. She knew

that work was just as good for children's little hands as for grown people's, to keep them out of mischief, and she immediately procured some. Now, when Saturday night came, they could bring their little earnings to put into the family purse, which helped along wonderfully. And the little girls were blithe and happy as the birds.

Their mother, as they always called Mrs. Treadwell, was a very methodical and thrifty woman, and employed their time very properly and pleasantly. In the morning, after breakfast and prayers, and father had gone to his work, they cleared off the breakfast things, and did up the housework for the day. Then their mother devoted an hour to the children's lessons. She had them read and recite, and write and cipher. Then they worked for two hours. They had a pretty

little low table fixed on purpose for them, and two little arm-chairs to sit in, so that their backs and limbs should not grow tired. At twelve o'clock, when the navy yard bell rang, they could run and jump, and play as hard as they chose. They could help mother get up the dinner, and eat it with a good relish, and then help clear up the room and set things right, and at two were ready for work again.

Working time was longer in the afternoon — three hours in winter and four in summer. But then they always had a recess just midway, and a good play rested them; for Mrs. Treadwell knew that little bodies could not sit steadily at work for so long a time as grown up folks, without suffering. Susan and Nora liked their work, and all their arrangements, and were very industrious and obedient, and of course — *of course* they were happy

Their evenings they had for themselves. They studied and read — they chatted and sewed, and played with their rag babies. Sometimes there was a prayer meeting at their house, and sometimes they attended one at a neighbor's. Occasionally they made or received a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell were too poor to take the newspapers, but they had a sister who took several, and every week she sent them down for them to read. Among these was one called "The Advocate and Guardian," which Susan and Nora enjoyed more than any other. This little sheet is published by the society of Christian ladies in New York, who have charge of the "Home of the Friendless," one of the benevolent institutions of that city. They were at that time just erecting the large and conven-

ient house which has since been occupied as an asylum for the poor little children of want and vagrancy.

This paper contained most interesting accounts of these wretched little homeless ones who were picked up from the dirty garrets, and cellars, and alleys of the city, and even from the prison itself, and brought into this pleasant and comfortable home, where they were loved and cared for, until good Christian homes were found for them elsewhere. Susan and Nora thought these affecting histories very much like their own, and that was the reason they were so much interested. They could not read very well themselves, but they listened with the deepest attention as their father read from time to time, and you might often see a tear of sympathy steal down their cheeks.

Then there were accounts of the contributions that were made by Christian people to pay for the erection of this nice "Home." A great many little children from the country around, and from the far West, sent their dollars, saying that they wanted to "own a brick in the house." And those who could not give a dollar gave less, and said they would have "a nail in it."

"Oh," said Susan, one night, after she and her sister had gone to bed, "oh, how I wish I had some money to send to that Home! I never wanted any thing half so much in my life."

"I too," says Nora; "it is such a nice place for poor little children. Why, Susan, some of those stories are just like ours. If we had lived in New York perhaps we should have gone there."

"Father and mother have been so kind to us that I want to do something for them. Oh, if I only could get some money!"

"If we could find some in the street now, or if somebody would give us some, or if we only could earn enough to make us all rich!" said Nora. "Oh, dear, how happy rich people must be!"

"If I ever do get any of my own, — I don't care how much it is, — Nora, I'll tell you what, I'll give it every single cent to that Home." And, with that generous impulse and resolution, the little girls fell asleep.

It was New Year's morning. The day opened gay and bright; the ground was covered with new, clean snow, and the sleigh bells were jingling merrily in the streets. Our little girls awoke as fresh as the morning. They had no stockings

full of presents, but they were not disappointed, for they did not expect any. They knew that their father and mother had just as much as they could do, with what they themselves could earn, to provide their food and clothes, and they could not afford to give them presents. But they were to have a holiday, and that was a great treat; and mother had promised to make them some nice doughnuts for dinner, and they were more than contented. I do believe they were happier than many of the children who had received their laps full of presents and goodies.

After breakfast and prayers, their father called them to him, and holding out a bright new sixpence in each hand, he said, —

"It isn't much I can give you, children, but there's a little bit for you to buy a

New Year's treat with. You can do just what you've a mind to with the money."

How they thanked him, and how their eyes sparkled, and their cheeks and chins all dimpled with smiles, as they folded their little hands on the bright silver coin!—the first money they had ever had that they could really call their own. And, after the housework was done, how eagerly they gathered their baby rags, and hastened into their work corner, where they could play and consult together about their money.

Nora was the talker; Susan didn't say much. She had her mind already made up what was to be done with *her* sixpence. She hadn't forgotten the resolution she had so often made, that if she ever should have any money of her own, she would give the whole of it to the Home. But Nora was younger and

forgetful. She thought of twenty different things she wanted, each of which would probably have cost more than both their sixpences put together. At last, after her tongue had run on a long while without stopping, she happened to notice that Susan had said nothing.

"Why don't you talk, Susan?" said she. "You haven't told a thing yet that you want. What are you going to do with your sixpence — eh?"

"I'm going to give mine to the Home, you know," answered her sister; "so I didn't need to talk about that."

"Well, I declare, what a puss I am," exclaimed Nora, "just to go and forget every thing about that Home! Why, of course I want to give mine, as much as you do. I don't care a pin about all those things I've been talking about. I don't want one of 'em."

Then, after a pause, she asked in a more quiet tone, "But how are we going to get it there, Susan?"

"Mother knows Mrs. Goodenough, who lives in H. Street, and she is one of the ladies that belong to that society. And I think she will let us go and carry it to her.

"That's first rate," said Nora; "let's go this afternoon."

"No, we can't go to-day, for New Year's day all the people have company. The gentlemen all go round and make calls upon the ladies. So she will be busy to-day; but to-morrow afternoon, at recess, if mother will let us, we can go."

So the important matter was adjusted to their complete satisfaction.

The next afternoon, at three o'clock, Susan and Nora, neatly dressed in their Sunday clothes, started on their mission. Full of hope and courage they tripped

merrily along over the crusty snow, and never thought of trouble until they were within sight of the house. Then Susan's timidity began to work.

"Suppose now," said she, "that the girl that comes to the door should be cross, and shouldn't let us see Mrs. Good-enough?"

"And suppose she should be out?" suggested Nora.

"I don't care for that, because we would go again; but they say girls are sometimes very cross to children, and to poor folks like us."

"Well, never mind, let's try, any how," said Nora, as she proceeded up the steps and pulled the bell handle with a good will.

But the girl was not cross. She looked quite amiable and pleasant, as she might well have done, at seeing two such rosy-

faced, healthy-looking, neatly-clad little girls as now stood before her. And when they asked if Mrs. Goodenough was at home, she told them yes, and they might go right up stairs to see her.

"Go right in at the first door you come to," shouted Bridget, as she closed the door and stood at the foot of the stairs to see them up. "You'll find her there."

And, sure enough, there was the lady sitting at a little workstand, all alone, sewing. She knew the children, for she had seen them several times before, and had heard all their little history. Seeing her pleasant face, all their fears and doubts vanished, she made them feel at once so much at home. She placed some small chairs of own children's near the warm, cheerful fire, and told them to sit down and melt the snow off their shoes and warm their feet. Then she talked with

them about their home, their mother, and their work. After a while, Susan ventured to ask, —

"Is the Home of the Friendless all paid for yet?"

"Oh, no, dear; there are many hundreds of dollars to be paid yet. It takes a good while to raise so much money."

"We've brought our sixpences to give to it," said Susan, as she rose and laid the two silver pieces on the workstand.

"*Your* sixpences! and where did you get them?" inquired the lady.

"Father gave them to us yesterday to buy a New Year's treat with; but we thought we'd rather bring them to you."

"And how did you come to know any thing about the Home of the Friendless?"

"Oh, we read the Advocate, or father reads it to us, and we know all about it."

"And about the dear little children that are gathered in there?"

"Yes'm," said Susan.

"They are just like us, as we used to be," spoke up little Nora.

"And that's the reason we like to hear about them," said Susan, "and why we want to give them something."

"I am glad you feel so grateful, little girls, for the good home God has kindly given you, and that you feel a wish to do something to help others."

"It isn't much — I wish it was more," said Susan.

"But it's all we had — we ain't rich," added Nora.

"Well, your gift is just as acceptable in the sight of God as if it was a great deal more," said Mrs. Goodenough. "You remember the story about the poor widow in the New Testament — don't you?"

"No 'm, I never heard it," answered Nora.

"Jesus and his disciples were standing near the temple at one time, watching the people as they cast their gifts into the treasury. There were a good many rich people, who brought large offerings; and then there came along a poor widow who only put in two mites, which was a very little sum. The disciples were inclined to laugh at her, and to think it wasn't worth her while to come if she couldn't bring more. But Jesus said, no; she had cast in more than all the rest. And when the disciples asked why, he said, because she of her poverty had cast in all that she had, while the rich people had given of their abundance what they could spare as well as not. That is, she had denied herself to give, but they had not."

"I like that—I didn't know that before," said little Nora, as Mrs. Goodenough paused.

"And then, in another place," continued the lady, "Jesus said, that if we have nothing to give away but a cup of cold water, and give that for his sake, that is, from love to him, we shall in no wise lose our reward."

The children both looked up and smiled.

"And I am sure," proceeded Mrs. G., "that God will reward you and smile upon you for this your little offering."

"I feel it now," said Nora, looking up.

Mrs. G. smiled in her turn at the artless simplicity of the child.

"Why, how do you know?" she asked.

"Oh, I feel so happy all over inside," replied the little one.

"Yes, that is God's smile truly, my dear, and you will always feel it when you do right."

Then, giving the children some apples, and bidding them sit still till she returned, she went down stairs.

"Now," said Mrs. G. to her daughter Alice, after briefly relating the children's errand and conversation, "I am going to fulfill for them another of the New Testament sayings. They denied themselves yesterday their little treat, a sixpence worth of cakes and candies, and now I am going to give them a basketfull, according as it is written, 'Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosoms; for with what measure ye mete withal shall it be measured to you again.'" Alice and her mother piled a basket, as

large as they thought the little girls could carry, with apples, oranges, figs, nuts, cakes, and tarts — a real tempting assortment. Then Alice ran away, and soon returned with two new books and two packages of paper dolls.

"I'm going to write their names in these, mother," said she, "and put them right here upon the top. Won't they be pleased?"

Then the cover was fastened down securely, and Mrs. G. took it up stairs.

"Now, little girls," said she, "I have put up a few New Year's goodies in this basket, for you and your father and mother. You must give my love to your mother, and tell her I want you to come and see me again." And the children were soon trudging home with their basket between them, as blithe and merry as two little fairies.

"Wasn't she real pleasant?" said Nora. "I didn't feel afraid one bit after I got into the room," said Susan.

And oh, that visit, that visit! Wasn't it the theme of conversation for a week of weeks, and the paper dolls and the books were an incessant delight. I don't believe they ever will forget the happiness of that day.

And the two sixpences went straight to the Home treasury, and were received with smiles and tears by those Christian ladies whose hearts the Lord had touched to feel for his suffering little ones.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

I AM a little orphan;
My heart is lone and sad;
In the cold world a wanderer,
I'm never, never glad.
Like a leaf upon the storm-wind,
A speck against the sky,
Like a torn and blighted blossom,
Am I — am I.

I saw a long procession
Of children yesternight;
All decked with buds and blossoms,
They seemed as gay and bright.
And as they went they chanted,
In voices soft and low,
"Our Father, God, in heaven" —
I heard it so.

And still those words were with me
As I went to rest alone
In yonder wretched alley,
My head upon a stone.

"Our Father," I kept saying;
"Is he mine as well as theirs?
Oh, if he is, I'll ask him
To hear my prayers.

"God! give the little orphan
A shelter from the storm;
Oh, find for him a mother
With bosom true and warm;
God! give thy child a teacher
To guide his soul from sin,
And open thy blue heaven
To take him in."

THE ANGEL'S REPLY.

God hears thee, weeping orphan;
Our Father's ever near
Where there is want or sorrow,
Or suffering, or a tear;
And he will send thee succor,
Thou little lonely one;
Thy days and nights of misery
Are well nigh done.

For he has myriad angels
Who at his bidding go,
To hush the cry of anguish,
To heal the pang of woe.
Like him they're good and gentle;
With eyes and hearts of love,
They hover ever round thee,
Poor, panting dove.

The hearthstone now is lighted,
At which thy welcome waits;
The heart of that true mother
For thee already beats.
The Holy Book is open,
The sacred page is spread,
That thou its blesséd lessons
Of love mayst read.

God is "Our Father" ever;
He never will forsake
Those who, like loving children,
His word and promise take.
Be glad then, little orphan;
In every want and fear,
Even in the darkest hours,
Trust to his care.

A SONG OF LOVE.

Jesus, would that I could tell thee
How I love thy very name!
Oh, what sweet affections fill me,
Burning with a quenchless flame!
Thy rich goodness
Is my never-failing theme!

Thou hast come from heaven to save me,
Lost and ruined in my sin;
Thou art pleading now to have me
One with God, and pure within;
Oh, what mercy!
Jesus died my soul to win.

Every moment thou art showing
Wondrous grace and gentlest care;
Never weary of bestowing,
Countless though thy blessing are;
Varied tokens
Thy unvarying love declare.

I will love thee, oh, my Saviour,
I will praise thee day by day,
Honor thee in my behavior,
All thy wise commands obey,
Till in heaven
I shall join the angels' lay.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

I AM so happy all day long
I can not keep from singing;
Glad words are ever on my tongue,
And pleasant thoughts are springing!
My heart with joy and praise is full,
For, oh, I love the Sabbath school!

Fly swift, ye week-days! come and go,
And bring the holy morning;
I rise, with pleasure all aglow,
To greet its earliest dawning.
My heart with joy and praise is full,
For, oh, I love the Sabbath school!

Like music sound the sacred bells
That call me to my teacher;
Such kindness in her bosom dwells,
It shines in every feature!
My heart with joy and praise is full,
For, oh, I love the Sabbath school!

Alas for children, far and near,
Who have no Sabbath teaching!
Oh, will not some kind friend appear,
With tender arm outreaching,
All angel-like and merciful,
To give to them a Sabbath school?

ONLY JESUS.

Give me Jesus — only Jesus;
All I ask is love like his;
Earthly pleasure, earthly treasure,
Joyfully I yield for this.

Sin distresses, woe oppresses,
Guilt disturbs my spirit's rest;
Peace and gladness banish sadness,
While I lie upon his breast.

Gently holding, close infolding,
His dear arms shall save from ill;
In his keeping, waking, sleeping,
Nothing harms me — nothing will.

Whispers, gracious, tender, precious,
Flow from out his lips divine:
"Come, ye weary — earth is dreary —
Never leave this heart of mine."

Give me Jesus — give me Jesus;
All I ask is his dear love;
Love forgiving, blessing, saving,
And a home with him above.

CHRIST OUR KING.

Hail, Jesus! Saviour, King!
Praises to thee we bring,
Blest Lamb of God!
Thou hast for sinners died!
May we, O Crucified,
Be saved and purified
By thy dear blood!

Hail, Jesus! Conqueror, King!
Glad tribute will we bring,
And own thy sway.
In majesty ride forth,
Till, through the vanquished earth,
All shall confess thy worth,
Thy rule obey.

Hail, Jesus! Sovereign King!
With angels let us sing
For evermore.
To Him who once was slain,
Now risen above to reign —
Come, children, join the strain!
Praise and adore.

THE CRYBABY.

THE

CRYBABY.

By AUNT WINNIE.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
28 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

THE CRYBABY

"Oh, Lillie, Lillie!" said Mrs. Richards, one day, in a displeased and somewhat discouraged tone of voice, "when will you learn how to cry?"

"I think she has already learned to perfection," said Ruthie, a child of twelve years old, who was leading the offending little one in from the yard; "I can't do any thing with her, mother, and I am so tired! It's nothing but cry, cry, all the time. If she don't like any thing we do, she doesn't say a word, but just cries." Ruth was vexed.

"Roar, roar, roar," said Catharine, the nurse, as she followed the little girls in, with the baby in her arms. "Indade, marm, an' I niver see the like of her. Yees can do nothing at all to suit her."

The subject of all this reproach stood in the middle of the floor, with her eyes cast down and her finger in her mouth, looking very much like a convicted criminal. Her hair was in disorder, large red circles were drawn around her eyes, her cheeks were dirty, and her dress soiled and torn. Her mother observed her for a moment silently, and, without making any reply either to Ruth or the servant, she rose, took Lillie by the hand, and led her to her own room. She brought up a chair to the marble toilet, and, drawing some water, gently washed the little girl's face and hands, and smoothed and arranged her hair. Then putting her arms

around her, and drawing her close to her bosom, she imprinted a kiss on the little fair brow, saying, "My poor child! I am afraid nobody but mother will ever love you."

The little one looked up in astonishment into her mother's face, and saw the tears that were standing in her eyes. In a moment the head was cast down again: "I shouldn't think you would love me, either."

"Yes, *I* am your *mother*, Lillie, and I shall never cease to love you. I don't love your naughty ways, though, and I do wish very much indeed that you would leave them off, and become a real good girl."

"Mother, I would be good if I could, but I can't — I don't know how."

"You know how to be pleasant and good-natured, my dear. You are so sometimes."

"Well, the children are doing something to plague me all the time."

"Oh, no, my dear; I am sure it is not right for you to say that. But suppose that they were — suppose that they were all very unkind to you, and did everything they could to trouble and annoy you: that would be no reason why you should be naughty too. The Saviour tells us that we must love them that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use us. We must be patient and forgiving always when others do us wrong, and plague us, as you call it."

"Well, I can't help crying, mother. I'm sure, when I fall down and hurt me, I can't help crying."

"I don't think I should say you mustn't cry, Lillie, if you would only cry the right way."

"How?" asked the child, with some surprise.

"Why, cry easy, so no one could hear you. If you did that, I think you would make yourself a much more agreeable little girl. But now you cry so loud and so often that you disturb and annoy every one. I often think, when I hear you cry, of a little girl I used to go to school with, when I was about as old as you."

"What was her name?"

"Her name was Sarah Chapin. Every little thing that went wrong set her crying. If she pricked her finger while she was sewing, or if she missed a word in her lesson and had to go down in her class, if any little girl pushed up against her by accident, or if the teacher had occasion to find fault with her or punish her, she would cry so loud that you could hear her away across the street. After she had been at our school a little

while, the teacher got quite discouraged about her, she was so noisy and disagreeable, and asked Sarah's parents to take her away, and send her to some other school. So they did, and sent her to Miss More's, which was just over the way from ours. And very often — every day almost, — we could hear her cry away over there. We always knew Sarah Chapin's peculiar 'screech,' as we little girls used to call it. And sometimes our teacher would notice it, and look at us and smile, as much as to say, 'We are glad she isn't here.' We all thought it was a great deal pleasanter to hear her at a distance than close by."

"What was your teacher's name, mother?" said Lillie, laughing. She was getting quite interested in the story.

"It was Miss Maloon. Well, after a while, Miss More and her scholars

would get tired of Sarah, and then her father and mother would come and ask Mrs. Maloon to try her again. There was no other school in the village suitable for her to attend, and they didn't know what to do for her."

"Did your teacher take her back?"

"Yes, and sent her away again, and then took her back again, and so she kept changing from Miss More's school to ours all the time. And she couldn't get along well any where. She didn't learn fast, and no one loved her. She was the only one of my little schoolmates that I can remember as being really disagreeable. And it was all for this very bad habit of crying aloud, of screeching and screaming, whenever any thing happened to displease her. Now, you have got this same bad habit, and I feel afraid, every day, that you will

grow just like Sarah, and no one will love you; and your little playmates, when they see you coming, instead of running with smiles and joy to meet you, will turn their backs upon you, and run away as fast as they can."

"Was that the way you did to Sarah?" asked the child, looking up with an arch smile into her mother's face.

"Yes — I will tell you what we did one day. In the summer time, every Monday morning, the children used to come to school with clean, starched frocks, looking as neat and nice as possible. Sometimes these would be new frocks, that had never been worn before. And we had the fashion — it was a very silly thing, I know, but we always did it — of going round before school commenced and saying to each one, 'Oh, what a pretty dress! I wish mine was as pretty

as yours.' We did this whether we thought it was pretty or not, always in hopes that the answer would be, 'Oh, yours is ever so much prettier than mine.' This would make us feel vain, and please us little silly children very much. If, for any reason, we were offended with any of the little girls, then, instead of complimenting the dress, we would say, 'Oh, what a homely dress! I wouldn't wear such a homely thing.' And then, of course, the unpleasant answer would be returned — 'It isn't half as homely as yours.' Well, one pleasant Monday morning we were all assembled in the school room waiting for the teacher to come, when Sarah Chapin came in with a new frock on. And it was certainly, as I remember it now, and as it seemed to me then, the prettiest calico I ever saw. All the girls thought just

as I did, I know, for we all looked at one another, and then some of them turned round and began to whisper.

"'I think it is sweet,' said Mary Langdon, 'but I'm not a-going to tell her so, she is so ugly.'

"'Yes, she's so ugly nothing looks well on *her*,' said Martha Fitch.

"'I'm going to tell her it's real homely,' said Mary Toll. 'It won't be a lie, for she makes every thing hateful with that face of hers. Just see how cross she looks now.'

"'She has met with some trouble, I guess, on her way to school,' said Annie Turner, — she was a gentle, kind girl, — 'and that makes her feel bad. I *wouldn't* tell her that her dress is homely.'

"'No,' said I, 'that will only make her worse.'

"My conscience told me that Annie was right, and that the other girls were wrong, and something whispered to me inside, 'Go to her, and speak pleasant words, and you will do the poor, unhappy little girl good.' But I didn't speak this thought out. I can remember that I often had good thoughts, which I didn't have courage to speak. But in a moment Annie turned round, and said she, —

"'Come, girls, let's all speak pleasantly to her, and tell her we think her dress is so pretty. I know she expects it; for see, now, Miss Lane is speaking to her about it, and she is looking at us and coming right up this way. You see we can't help it, for it is pretty, and she knows it herself.'

"'Of course *she* thinks so. Every body thinks their own things are the best,' said Martha.

"'*I* shan't speak to her,' said Mary Toll, with a toss of her head. 'She won't get any praise from me — I'm going over there;' and she and several of the class went to the other end of the room just as Sarah joined us.

"Annie spoke to her very pleasantly, and told her how pretty her frock was. 'Why, it's the prettiest calico I ever saw, Sarah.'

"But I didn't have time to say any thing, for the bell rang that moment to call us to order. I don't know whether I should have had courage to do what I knew was right or not. I think Sarah was a little disappointed at not being received more cordially, or something else troubled her, for she was unusually cross that morning. All went wrong, and before recess she had had two or three good loud cries. Of course her

class were not prepared to feel any more loving toward her. At recess, when we went out into the yard to play, we all ran away from her, and left her standing alone at the foot of the stairs. She stood still a moment, and then came running toward us, as if she were determined she would play with us. Then we all ran off again as fast as we could into the summer house, and shut the door. There was a door to this little house, and it was a favorite place to play in. Sarah was left standing alone in the walk. And every little while one of the girls would peep out, and say, —

"'How d'ye do, crybaby? Want to come in?'

"It was very wrong for us to do so, I know, and we were not happy ourselves. We didn't play at all, but stood

inside talking about Sarah Chapin and her hateful ways. Annie would keep saying, 'I wouldn't do so — let's open the door and let her in.' But Martha held the door and said, she 'wouldn't have any such hateful crybabies in there to spoil our fun.' When Sarah found she couldn't come in, she stood there in the walk, right in the middle of the garden, and set up such a cry that all the neighbors could hear. Of course, Miss Maloon heard, and looked out of the window to see what was the matter. She soon discovered what we were doing, and rang the bell for us to come in."

"I shouldn't like to have the girls treat me so," said Lillie.

"No, indeed, you would not; and it was very wrong and very unkind. But still you see it was a punishment which the child brought upon herself by this

naughty habit. Every body disliked her, you see, just as I am afraid every body will learn to dislike you."

"But her mother, — she liked her, I suppose," said Lillie, looking up.

"Oh, yes! mothers, good Christian mothers, always love their children, even if they are naughty. As I told you at first, we don't love the bad conduct, but we pity the poor little naughty children, and try as hard as we can to make them good."

"Well, what next, mother? What did you do when you went into school again?"

"Miss Maloon waited until we had all taken our seats, and then she called our class to stand up on the line. That was the painted line on the floor, where we always stood when we recited our lessons. When we had got arranged, with our

feet turned out and our hands down at our sides, she said, —

"Sarah Chapin, you may pass the Testaments." Sarah went to the shelf, and brought the Testaments, and passed them to each one. Then Miss Maloon told her she might take her seat. We couldn't think what was coming, but we all felt afraid and ashamed. I am sure I did. She told us to open our books, and find the twelfth verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew, and read it aloud in turn. So we each of us read aloud these words:—

"'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.'

"After we had finished the reading, she told us that she wished us to commit it to memory, and to stand there until we were able to repeat it correctly. So

there we stood before the whole school, with our books in our hands, studying the verse, and feeling all the time that it was a great deal easier and pleasanter to be good than to be naughty. By and by we all recited it, one after another, and then our teacher explained it to us, and saying that she hoped we should never again treat a schoolmate so unkindly, she sent us to our seats. I don't think any of us have ever forgotten the mortification of that punishment."

"What became of Sarah, mother?" asked Lillie, after a few moments of silence.

"After a while her parents removed from town, and I never heard about her any more. I don't know whether she overcame that bad habit or not."

"I like to hear about Sarah," said the child, looking up into her mother's face, with a smile.

"Why, my dear? Don't you like better to hear about good girls?"

"No, mamma, I like to hear about naughty girls best."

"I am surprised to hear my little girl say so. Why is it?"

"I don't know. I suppose it is because I am naughty myself."

"But it doesn't make you feel that it is right to do such things, because other little girls do them — does it?"

"No; but then I know somebody else is hated besides me."

"But if you could get all the naughty little girls in the world together, and you were one of them, you would not love each other, because you were all alike naughty, — but you would hate and despise each other."

"Should we?" asked Lillie, evidently surprised.

"Certainly you would. You know that all the wicked people are together in hell, but they are not happy there. On the contrary, they are much more unhappy for being together. They hate and torment each other for ever."

"Do they?" It seemed to be a new thought for the child, and she was almost bewildered by it. She sat thinking about it in silence.

"Lillie, I think," said her mother, after a while, "that it would be much better for you to try to be good, than to content yourself with being naughty, because other children are. Don't you? Suppose now, that when I told you this story, you had said, 'Oh, mamma, I don't want to be like Sarah. I mean to try to get over this naughty habit.' Wouldn't that have been better?"

"Yes 'm. But I don't see how I can.

When I feel like crying it comes right out, and I can't help it."

"If you would only let me, I would help you about this. I could teach you how to cry. I have tried a good many times, though I have not succeeded yet."

"You tried, mother? Why, how?"

"Don't you remember last summer I made some strong wormwood tea to put on your tongue every time you cried aloud? I hoped that would cure you; but it did not. Then I told you I must call you in from play every time I heard you cry. I tried that a good many times; but it did no good. You cried as loud and as often as ever. And I have talked to you and told you of the consequences of this bad habit, that like Sarah you would lose all your friends——"

"All my friends but my mother," inter-

rupted Lillie. That seemed a great consolation to her.

"And I have tried, by the love you have for mother, to win you from this naughty way. If you really loved mother as you say you do, when you call her your 'dear, precious mamma,' you surely would not like to trouble and grieve her as you do by this incessant crying."

"Well, mother, I don't think — I can't think quick enough. Tell me again how I shall do."

"I have told you that I won't forbid your crying when you are hurt, or when your feelings are very much hurt; but you must cry easy, without a sound. Do the crying all inside. I saw little Jennie Jacobs cry yesterday, and I was thinking of my own Lillie all the while, and wished you were there to take a pattern

from her. I *saw* her cry, but I didn't *hear* a sound."

"I don't see how that could be, mother."

"I will tell you about it. She was on the steamboat with her father, and brothers and sisters, and was standing very near the railing, looking over into the water. Her father was inside, and he didn't think it best for Jennie to be there, because, I suppose, it was not safe. So he called her to come in and sit with him. At first she shook her head, because she did not want to come; but father said, 'Jennie, come in,' and Jennie, of course, had to obey. He took her up on his knee, and she sat there as still as a mouse, and I dare say her father thought she was quite contented. He couldn't see her face, for it was turned aside a little, and she had on a little Shaker bonnet,

like yours. But she was sitting so that I could look right up under her bonnet; and oh, the big tears were chasing each other fast down her little fat cheeks, — down, down they fell over her little hands, and upon her dress. But there was not a sound to be heard. It was like the gentle, fine summer rain, that comes down so softly you hardly know it is falling. But this only lasted a few minutes. I watched the clouds until I saw them break up, and pretty soon it was all fair weather again, — and her two pretty little blue eyes were shining out, as bright and clear as if nothing at all had happened. I loved the little darling for her very crying. If she had screamed aloud, behaved naughty, as some children would have done, when her father called her in, I should not have loved her at all. Don't you think now yourself that that

was the right way? Now, I want you to cry in that way; and when you have learned how, you and I and all the rest of the family will be a great deal happier. I am going to let you go down now again to play with Ruth and Edward, and you will have a good chance to try."

So Mrs. Richards kissed her little girl, and sent her away for another trial. This was the child's very worst habit. "If she cures this," said the mother, "she will be a very good and interesting little girl." So we will hope that all the mother's efforts were not lost, and that Lillie Richards did at last learn "*how to cry*."

THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

I saw a mother, not long since, whose son had enlisted in the army. I expected to find her sad and disconsolate, for the young soldier was an only son, and was very much beloved at home. But, to my surprise, she was cheerful and happy.

"Merwin has gone," said she, "and I may never see him again; but I can not make myself unhappy about it. I have given him to God, and wherever the Lord's service takes him he must go. I know he will distinguish himself wherever

he is, for he has already proved himself *a great conqueror*."

"So young as he is!" I exclaimed; "how?"

"He has *conquered himself*," replied the mother; "and you know what the Bible says about that."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said I; "but I thought your Merwin was one of those who find it very easy to be good. There is a great difference in children. Some are so amiable and gentle, that when they become Christians you see but little change in their outward conduct, and some ——"

"But my son was not one of those," said she, interrupting me. "He was born with a hot, fiery temper. It used to frighten me almost, when he was nothing but a baby, and I hardly dared to think what would become of him when he

grew older. I prayed a great deal about it, and talked, and labored to help him to overcome his naughty, passionate spirit. And he began very early to try to govern himself. I recollect, when he was not more than four years old, he had been very much provoked about something, and I could see the fire kindling in his eye and the color rising in his cheek. But he kept very still until his anger had subsided, and then he came running to me, threw his arms around my neck, and bursting into tears, he cried, 'Kiss me, mamma—kiss me—*I've overcome.*'"

"That's beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"Many a time," the mother continued, "have I seen him struggle with his hasty, angry feelings, until by degrees it grew easier for him to control his temper; and now I can truly say I believe, by the grace of God, he has conquered himself.

And among the qualifications for good soldiership, that is one of the very best, *I* think."

I thought so too, as I repeated to myself the words of the Bible to which Merwin B.'s mother had alluded. You will find them, little reader, in Prov. 16: 32. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

And I felt as if I wanted all the little boys to become conquerors in this same sense. No matter if you are not called to be soldiers, to march at the call of your country to the battle field and fight. You may be called of God to conquer enemies elsewhere. You may be called to govern and direct others. Whatever may be your duty in life, the best preparation you can make is to learn to govern yourself.

An angry spirit is a terrible enemy. It comes upon you so suddenly that it takes you unawares, throws you off your guard, and has vanquished you before you have time to think. Then, if you *are* on the watch, it is so strong, so furious, so unwilling to listen to the voice of reason, that if you are not well armed, and if you have not helpers close by, you are most likely to be beaten. So, dear boys, it becomes you to be on the look-out all the while for it. As Jesus said, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." You must have your armor on, too, always. Never venture to lay it aside for a moment. If you do, you will, I am sure, be overcome. And more than all, do not live very far away from God, who alone is able to make you conqueror over this dreadful enemy. If you live near to him, he will protect you. He

will teach your hands to war, and your fingers to fight; will encourage you in the heat of the conflict with his smile and whispers of comfort and love, and will give you the victory. Better than all, he will bring you at last up to his own home, put a crown upon your head, and seat you upon a throne of glorious triumph in the heavenly kingdom of Jesus Christ; for hear what Jesus has said: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

LOTTIE'S ORANGE.

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By AUNT WINNIE.

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LOTTIE'S ORANGE.

I was at work in the sitting room one cold, winter afternoon. The front door opened, and father's welcome step was heard in the hall, and his thrice-repeated whistle, the well-known signal for the children, brought Charlotte at once from the play room. She was the only one of the family flock who happened to be at home at that hour.

"Oh, father! father!" she exclaimed, as she came bounding into the room, "I'm so glad you've come;" — and though her quick eye caught sight immediately of a large auspicious-looking

bundle lying upon the table, she said nothing about it. She knew better than to do that, although she was but five years old. Some children would have run to the bundle first, before they greeted papa, crying out, "Oh, what's in that bundle, father? What have you got that's good? Have you brought *me* any thing, father?"

But Lottie, as I said before, knew better than to do so. She loved father for his own sake, and not merely for the good things he so often brought home. So she helped him put aside his hat and coat, carried his umbrella into the closet, brought the dressing gown and slippers, and drew the comfortable rocking chair up to the side of the bright, blazing fire.

"Now for the boot-john," said father. And Lottie speedily produced it from the snug corner where it was kept,

laughing all the while that father should call the boot-jack such a new and funny name. Then she came and stood where father could rest his hand on her head, while he pulled his feet out of the long, thick boots, delighted that she could be of some use, even by standing still.

"I help you; don't I, father?" said she.

"Yes; and now you can help me some more by putting the old boots away in the closet," he replied, "and then come and tell me where the children all are."

"Why, Flora and Mollie have gone to school, you know. They haven't got home yet. And Lizzie has gone to the Missionary Society, and Frank and John are out sliding, and Freddie has gone out to walk with Bridget. And I am all alone, you see," said Lottie; "and I am glad. I like to be alone sometimes with you, father."

"So that you can do all the talking, little chatterbox," I said; and then we all laughed, and had a very pleasant, social time.

"I wonder what's in that bundle," presently said father, with an arch look, to which the child was evidently well accustomed.

"I don't know — something nice, I guess," replied Lottie. And then they both looked at it, and smiled so pleasantly, that if it had only been alive, it would have walked right straight up to them, and said, "Why don't you look and find out?"

"Suppose you get it and see," said father. In an instant Charlotte was tugging at the string, and very soon, the great, round, inviting-looking oranges were rolling out upon the table.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed the child; "how nice they look!"

"You may have one, if you would like to," said father, as though any little girl could be found to decline such a tempting offer.

"Oh, thank you, thank you; I *should* like one," said Lottie. "I always like all the oranges I can get," she continued, with more deliberation, as she selected a very fair one, and rolled it over and over in her little hands. "I should like a hundred thousand million." Lottie had no idea of numbers, but this was a favorite expression of her brother John, whenever he wished to say something very large. So to Lottie, a "hundred thousand million" was only another way of saying "a great many."

"Well, come and let me open it for you," said the kind father, and he seated the little one on his knee, and taking out his fruit knife, peeled and opened

the orange, chatting all the while about that hundred thousand million she wanted, and what she would do with them if she had them.

"Now, father, you'll take a piece — won't you?"

"No, my dear, not a bit. I don't wish any."

"Well, mamma, here's a nice piece for you — will you have it?"

"No, I thank you, darling, not now. You may sit down and eat it all yourself." And the little girl found a little bench in the corner, and sat down and ate her orange all herself. She did not need to save any for her brothers and sisters, for she knew that they would each have one when they came. This was not wrong. Oh no, in the circumstances it was all proper and right.

The pleasant taste was still lingering

in her mouth, when the sound of trooping feet and merry voices in the hall proclaimed the return of the other children. In a short time they were all assembled in the sitting room, welcoming father and the oranges at one and the same moment. What a kind father he was, always bringing home something for the little folks! And I don't know what father would not find the same delight in bringing home good things to such a troop of gay, happy, loving children. Kind fathers make affectionate children, and affectionate children make kind fathers.

And now, each one held in possession one of those great golden balls. Some were tossed in the air and caught again; some were quietly consigned to the pocket, for to-morrow's lunch, or some future occasion; and Freddie, the pet lamb of the flock, was running about,

crying, "Fisk it, fisk it, for Feddie." He couldn't yet say, "fix it."

"I'll fisk it for Freddie, if I can find mamma's knife," said Lizzie. "Come, sit down here, and I'll fisk it. Say fix it, Freddie."

"I can't; I don't want to — fisk it," said the little fellow, which was all received with a general shout of laughter, and a warm kiss from the loving Lizzie.

The knife was produced from mother's work basket, and in a trice the orange was laid out on the table, in the nicest mouthfuls imaginable. It looked much larger than when it was whole, and the baby boy was greatly delighted. He offered a piece to every body in the room: father, mother, Mollie, auntie, Bridget, all must partake. Then spying Charlotte standing demurely by the fireside, he sprang to her, exclaiming,

"Lottie too, Lottie sall have piece Feddie's or'nge."

Did Lottie take it? I could scarcely believe my own eyes. I looked the second time to see if I was not mistaken. I was watching, though still busy at my work, to see what she *would* do, and expected to hear her say at once, "No, I thank you, Freddie; I've had a whole one." But not a sound did I hear. She took it without a word, and ate it, as though she had not had her own portion — not, however, without a sly glance at me, to see if I was noticing. Our eyes met, and in that look, which was unusually prolonged, the story was told on both sides. Charlotte knew and silently acknowledged that she had done wrong; and she knew too that I was pained and grieved at her selfishness. Her head was hung down in an instant.

Probably my look had conveyed to the child more of reproach than my words, for I know I tried to make *them* as kind and tender as I could.

But I do hate selfishness, and nothing hurts me so much as to see mean and stingy ways in my children; and I dare say, both my looks and my words conveyed a very severe reproof.

"I'm sorry," I said, "that I have got a little girl that could do such a mean thing as that; to eat a whole orange herself, and then take a piece from her baby brother, after he had given away a good part of his. You children talk among yourselves about things being 'real mean.' I think *that* is real mean, and I wouldn't have believed it of my Lottie."

The child was silent a moment — she was thinking. Then she turned her head away from me, and with a grieved look,

and a hopeless tone which I can never forget, said, "Well, I suppose then you don't love me."

Poor little Charlotte! She was a very sensitive, affectionate child, who loved to be caressed and petted, and could scarcely exist if she were made to feel that she was not loved. But now she felt that she had done something by which she had forfeited her claim to the tender affection and approbation of her mother, and she was mortified and really grieved.

I felt very sorry for her, not only because she had committed so selfish an act, but because I thought that I too had made a mistake in speaking so severely to her. I ought to have been more gentle. I had left an impression on her mind that I hated the sinner as much as I did the sin she had committed; and this had discouraged her.

"Ah," said I to myself, "this is not the way our dear heavenly Father treats us when we do wrong. He hates sin, but he tenderly loves the sinner. How often might he justly feel wearied and disgusted with our wicked, selfish actions, and cast us off as utterly undeserving of his love. Yet he loves us still, and bears with our follies, and is never tired of doing us good."

So I thought I would try to feel toward my little Charlotte as God does toward us; and perhaps I could use this opportunity to explain to her the great condescension and long-suffering and mercy of our Father above. I put out my arm and drew the little one gently toward me, and kissed her. "But I *do* love you, Lottie," I said.

"I don't see how you can when I'm so mean," she replied, in the same piteous tone.

"I love *you*, my darling, but I don't love what you have done. How could I? You see yourself how very unlovely it was — don't you? And God——"

"He don't love me neither, I suppose," said Lottie.

"Oh, yes, Lottie, God does love you. He loves every body, even while they are wicked."

"How can he," she asked, "if he is so good?"

"He does not love the wicked things people do," I continued. "He hates — he abhors every thing naughty much more than we can, but yet he loves and pities those who do those naughty things. He feels sorry when we do wrong, and wishes very much that we should always do right, and he wants to help us do right."

"But I thought that God only loved

good children, and I am naughty so often I thought he couldn't love me, of course."

"You have made a mistake, Lottie. I know people sometimes say to children that they must be good if they want God to love them. But this is not quite right. It makes you think that if you are not good God will not love you at all. If this were so, none of us could feel that we were loved of God, because there is not a person in the world that is always good. But the Bible tells us that he loves us even in our sins. 'He makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' If every body had been good it would not have been necessary for Jesus Christ to come down from heaven to suffer and die for us, although it would have been a great deal easier

and pleasanter for him to die for his friends than for his enemies. But Jesus 'came into the world to save *sinners*.' 'He died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.' Now, there never was a person whom God did not love. Of course goodness, or right conduct, alone *pleases* God. He can not be pleased with sin at all. He always smiles upon those who do right, and if we become his children, and give our hearts to him, and try hard every day to please him by doing what he approves, he loves us with a peculiar affection — just as a mother feels more satisfied and pleased with an obedient child than with a naughty one. Still God loves people if they are wicked, and longs to have them become good. He loves you, my darling, all the time; loves you dearly, always feels pained and grieved when you do

wrong, and wants you to love him, to try to overcome your naughty ways, and to be always good. Now, doesn't it make you feel more sorry for your naughty ways, when you think you have grieved One who is so affectionate and kind to you? and doesn't it make you love him to think how much he loves you?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," sobbed the child.

"Well, this is just the way mamma feels too. She wants you so much to be good, that when you are not, she is grieved and disappointed. But she does not cease to love you. If she did, she would no longer care whether you do right or wrong, but would let you go on, doing just as you please, without taking pains to instruct or train you. So, when I notice your selfish ways, and speak to you about them, you may be sure it is *because* I love you. And while mother

feels thus, God, whom we can not see, is standing by, looking on, and feeling still more sorry and anxious about you. Will my little girl remember this? and will she try not to be selfish any more?"

The tears of real sorrow were running down Lottie's cheeks; but she lifted up the little downcast face, and promised that she would. I told her there was a beautiful hymn in the hymn book about God loving the sinner, and I would like very much that she should learn it. She might learn one verse every day until she could repeat the whole. So she ran for the hymn book, and I read the hymn to her.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

"Depth of mercy! Can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the 'chief of sinners,' spare?

God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Jesus weeps; he weeps, and loves me still.

"I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Jesus weeps; he weeps, and loves me still.

"Lord, incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my wickedness deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Jesus weeps; he weeps, and loves me still.

"There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
Jesus died his love to show;
I believe, and love him now.

God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Jesus weeps; he weeps, and loves me still."

Lottie liked it very much, and so did the other children, who had listened while I read it, and almost all of them wanted to learn it too. After that we used to sing it sometimes at family worship and Sabbath evenings; and I don't believe Lottie ever heard it but she thought of the orange, and of my talk with her that afternoon. And I hope that neither she, nor any of my little readers, will ever forget that *God loves the sinner.*

THE LITTLE HYPOCRITE.

A PIECE of cake was lying on the corner of the sewing machine, and two little children, Mary and Willie, were sitting close by, at an open window, eating the bread-and-butter part of their noon luncheon.

"Mamma," said Willie, "may we have that cake when we have eaten all our crusts up?"

"Yes, my dear," answered his mother; "I will break it for you." So saying, she she took the cake, and broke it in two pieces. She meant to have divided it

evenly, but by mistake one bit happened to be larger than the other. There was not much difference, only just enough to be noticed distinctly. Then she offered the cake to the children. The small piece was nearest Mary; but when the child put out her hand to take her share, instead of taking what was next her, she reached over for the other piece. The selfishness of the action displeased her mother, and she quickly withdrew her hand, and divided the cake herself, giving the larger portion to little Willie, and the smaller to Mary.

At the same time she asked, looking into Mary's face, "Why did you not take the piece nearest to you? Why did you reach over for the other?"

Mary colored, and was evidently disappointed; but she answered her mother quite promptly. "Wasn't that the small-

est?" said she; "and isn't it generous to take the smallest piece?"

"You did it for the sake of being generous — was that it?" asked her mother, looking at her little girl with great seriousness. Then she paused a moment, but added, "Well, generous children ought to be rewarded; so I have given you the larger."

Mary understood very well what her mother meant, and she too looked very sober. She knew she had not spoken the truth in her heart. She knew that she had tried to get the larger piece of cake, and was going to leave the smaller for her little brother; and she was dissatisfied, besides feeling that she had done very wickedly. She did not raise her eyes, but went on eating her lunch without a word, and when her little brother asked her to look out of the window to see

something very funny, she did not seem to take much notice.

That night, when she was going to bed, her mother said to her, "Have you been a good child to-day, Mary?"

"Yes'm, I guess so, pretty good," was the reply.

"Can you think of any wrong thing you have done?"

"Nothing in particular," answered Mary.

"Have you been truthful?" asked her mother, speaking that word *truthful* with a good deal of solemnity and emphasis.

The little girl dropped her eyes, but she did not speak a word.

"Mary, did you really think you were taking the smaller piece of cake to-day?"

"I didn't *say* it was the smallest," answered Mary. "Was that a lie?"

"You tried to make me think that you

considered it the smaller," replied her mother, "and that you were acting very generously to take it. That was a double sin. You were selfish and deceitful too. You were a hypocrite."

"What is that, mamma?"

"A hypocrite is one who tries to make other people think he is better than he really is. Sometimes he succeeds in deceiving others, and sometimes not, but he never succeeds in deceiving God. You didn't succeed in deceiving me to-day, for I saw through it all. And, Mary, what do you think God thought of your conduct?"

"I don't know," said Mary, beginning to look more troubled.

"And in addition to the selfishness and the hypocrisy, you really told a lie," added her mother, "or rather you didn't speak the truth, for you said, 'Wasn't that the

smallest piece?' Now, God was looking right into your heart, and he saw just what you thought. He saw that you did not speak the truth in your heart. Oh, my dear child, I can not tell you how much displeased he is with such wickedness. If you are a hypocrite and a deceiver, you can never go to heaven. There is a passage in the Bible I want you to learn to-morrow, Mary." So in the morning before breakfast, Mary got the little Bible, and her mother found these verses: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and *speaketh the truth in his heart.*"

A SHORT SERMON FOR LITTLE ONES.

"Owe no man any thing, but to love one another."—*Rom.* 13 : 8.

This is only one out of many verses in the Bible which teach us to love every body. But you will ask, "How can we love every body? We don't know every body; and besides, of those we do know, some are good, and kind, and pleasant, and we do love them, of course; but others are ugly and hateful, and we can not possibly love such."

There are two kinds of love. One is the affection which we feel for our relatives and particular friends. The other is a feeling of kindness and good will

toward all men. There should be no one in the world for whom we could not heartily pray. There should be no one of whom we could not pleasantly think. There should be no one for whom we would not, if we had the opportunity, do a favor.

This kind of love is called *charity*, and is beautifully described in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. It is the state of mind which forbids all anger, all resentment of injuries, all disgust and contempt for those less favored than ourselves. It forbids all envy of others, when they have things which we have not; all pride and ostentation, when we have things which others have not. It forbids selfishness, a determination to have our own way, and a desire to get and keep every thing we can. It makes us generous, gentle, forbearing, patient,

humble, and self-denying. Oh, it is a blessed state to be in!

Benevolence is like a sweet and healthful atmosphere, full of the delicious perfume of flowers, and of all harmonious and delightful sounds. It is God's sunshine streaming down from heaven, filling us with joy and peace, and blessing every body who comes within reach of the celestial influence. It is like the music of the angels, low, and sweet, and beautiful.

To have this love is to be like God, for "God is love." To have this love is to have heaven begun in our hearts below. This love in our hearts is the very best title to those mansions of rest, where all the blessed angels and redeemed spirits move for ever in the most perfect harmony.

Dear children, pray that this love may

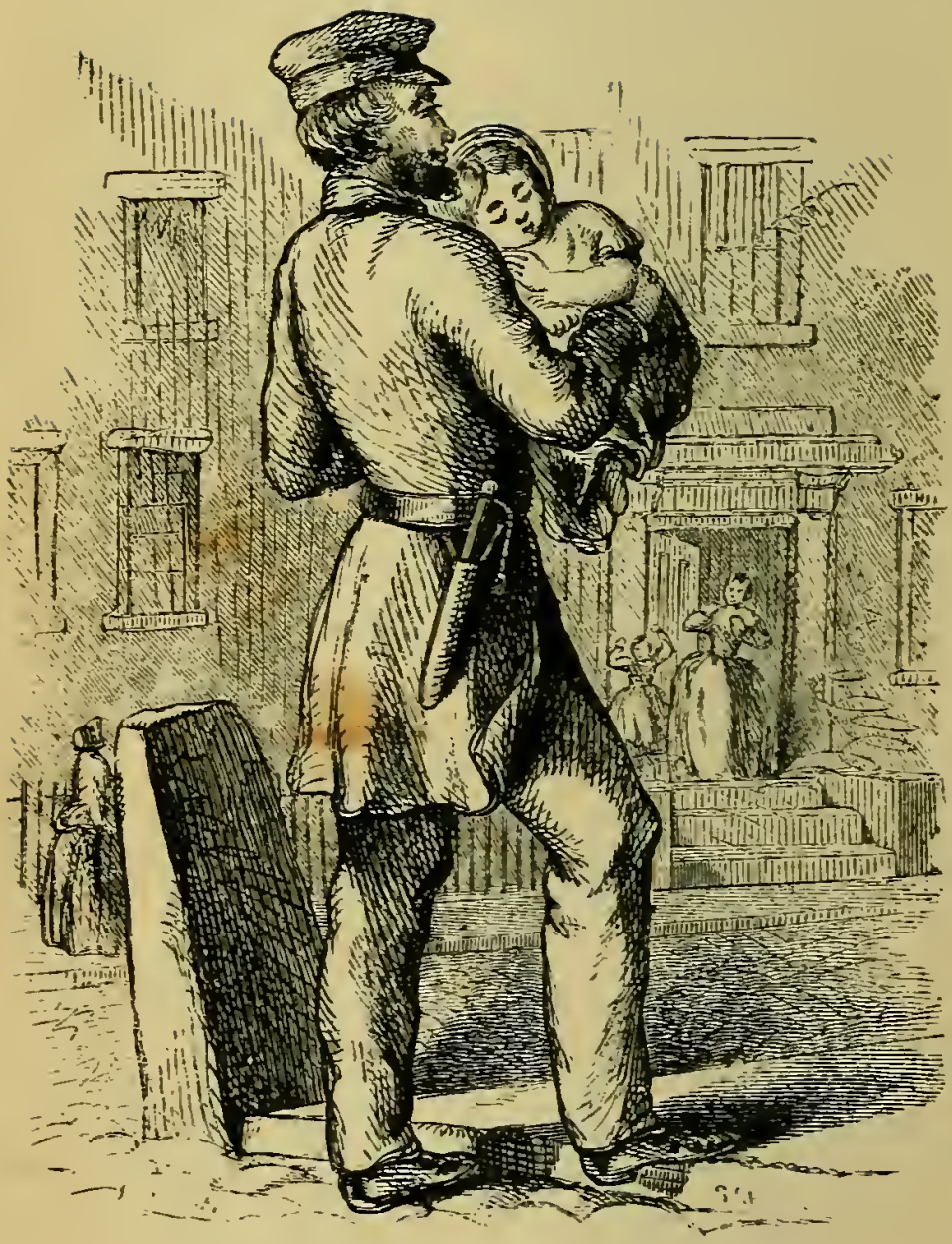
"be shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost."

You will ask, "Can we love wicked people?" Why, yes. Doesn't God love sinners? You can feel sorry for them because they are wicked. You can pity them because they are unhappy, for wicked people are always more or less unhappy. You can wish them to become good, so that they may enjoy all that a good God has provided for their happiness; and that will make you anxious to pray for them, and to help them, in every way you can, to become better.

Do you not think this is a good deal better than standing off from wicked people, and hating and despising them? Do you not think it will make you yourselves much happier? Ah, that is the way God feels. It was that love that made him willing to give his dearly be-

loved Son to die for sinners. It is this that makes him so patient, and so long-suffering toward us. And it is this infinite, perfect love which makes him so supremely happy.

Oh, let us try to be like God, and we shall be always happy ourselves, and shall make all around us happy, also.



LITTLE LOST KITTY.

THE

LITTLE LOST KITTY.

By AUNT WINNIE.

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THE LITTLE LOST KITTY.

It was a charming afternoon in the latter part of April. The air was soft and sweet with opening blossoms, and the sun shone without a cloud, and the pavements were clean and dry. It was just the day when people love to be out to walk, laying aside the burdensome cloak and overshoes they have worn all the long winter, and through the blustering, stormy month of March, and putting on light shoes and the soft spring shawl. And every body seemed enjoying the beautiful weather. Broadway was one

grand procession of men, women, and children, and all the streets leading into it were thronged with people.

Such was the day — I shall never forget it — when our little Kitty undertook for the first time to walk out alone in the great city. She was only two years and a half old, and of course she was not fit to be trusted all by herself in these long streets, and among so many folks; so we never allowed her to go outside the front door, unless somebody was with her. She could not talk, either, not even enough to tell her own name. We had tried to teach her to say Kitty Cloverton, but it was too long, and all she could manage was "Kitty Co-ver." She called her father "papa Mo" and her mother "mamma Enny," which always made us laugh very much. She called me "Arty" instead of Hattie, and her brother was

always "Bub." She was our youngest, and a little darling, just the right age for us to love and pet and frolic with. We thought she was rightly named, for she was just as playful and cunning as any little kitten I ever saw.

That day, mother was busy up stairs writing a letter, and my two aunties, who were making us a visit from the country, were in the same room, sewing. Kitty had been playing around us happy as could be, when, going to the open window, she smelled the fresh, sweet air, and took it into her little head that it would be very pleasant to go out and take a walk. Mother had the same thought just at that moment, for she stopped writing, and said,—

"Would Kitty like to go out in the yard to play a little while? Well, run and get the little bonnet, and mamma will tie it on."

So Kitty ran for the little straw bonnet trimmed with blue ribbon, and mother tied the strings under her dimpled chin, and smoothed back the fair locks from the white forehead, and kissed her red lips.

"Now my little pussy can go and roll hoop in the yard," said she.

And the little pussy ran off. We could hear her soft footsteps down the stairs, and through the hall, and down the basement stairs, and then all was still, and mother went on writing. In two or three minutes she stopped and listened.

"I don't hear the child in the yard," said she — "I wonder where she is!"

"I guess she has gone into the kitchen with Ann," said I.

But that did not seem to satisfy mother. She hesitated a moment, and listened again. "I could hear her little

voice even there," said she; and she rose and rang the bell. "Ann, is Kitty in the kitchen with you?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered the girl.

"Is she in the yard?"

"No, ma'am, she hasn't been down here at all. I haven't seen her since dinner."

"Is the front basement door open?"

"It is, ma'am."

"The child has surely gone out into the street," said mother; and instantly we were all on our feet, running to the front door. We looked up and down the street, on both sides; but no Kitty was to be seen. We searched the house over, and the yard, and the spare lot next the house, and our neighbor's yard and premises on the other side — but in vain. The child was nowhere to be seen. We hastily put on our bonnets and shawls, —

mother, aunties, the two girls, my sister, and myself, — and sallied forth for the search. We agreed to take each a street, and going round a block, to return and report the result. All the children in the next house joined in the search. Oh, what a moment that was! What a heavy feeling settled down around my heart! I thought of all the dreadful stories I had heard and read about children lost in the city. One moment I pictured her to myself crossing a street, and run over by a carriage. Then I thought of the rude boys and girls that might tease and distress her. "What if she should wander to some place where they are building, and fall into the deep cellar," I said to myself, "or go on until she come to the water, and fall overboard! Or what if some of those bad women I have read about, who sometimes steal little girls,

should pick her up and carry her off!" All the time my feet flew swiftly, and my eyes glanced from side to side of the street, into yards, and upon stoops, where troops of children were playing; but, alas! no Kitty was to be seen. "What shall we do, and where shall we go to find her?" I said to myself, as I hurried along. "Oh, if I could only know *every thing!* If I was only omniscient, as God is!" And then the thought of God for a moment lifted that dead weight which was hanging on my heart. "Mother tells us we must ask God for every thing we want," I thought, "and she says there is no need always to go away into a lonely place to pray, but if we want any thing we can lift up our hearts and ask for it just where we are. God knows, of course, just where Kitty is this very minute, for he sees and knows every thing. O

God," I prayed, "help us to find our darling pet, and God keep her safe until we do."

I was the last one that got back to the house. They were all waiting for me, hoping that I should bring the lost one with me. Oh, what a disappointment it was to them all to see me alone! Some cried, and all looked fearful and sad. I turned to mother, and wondered how mother felt; but I couldn't judge by her appearance, for she was just as calm as ever she was, and she looked as cheerful too as she could, for though the tears were in her eyes, she tried to inspire us all with hope and courage, as she told me afterward. She said it would have done no good, and would perhaps have done a great deal of harm, if she had given way to her feelings — so she controlled herself. She gave us all directions

what to do next. Aunt Carrie was to go down town to the store as quickly as she could, and tell father; and aunt Mary, who was quite a stranger in the city, would stay and keep house, while we all went out again. One of our neighbors went to the City Hall to give information, and mother and the girls were to go to the different police stations in the neighborhood, to leave word, that "a little girl, with light hair and blue eyes, with a red dress and white apron, and straw bonnet trimmed with blue, was lost." Was lost! Oh, what a sound that was to me! It sounded like a knell. "How will they know her by such a description?" I thought. Many a child has light hair and blue eyes — but I don't believe any of them are so pretty and so sweet as our Kitty's. Oh, if I could only hug her right up in my arms this

moment! Then mother told us children just what streets we must go into, and to walk along slowly, she said, and notice every child we saw. So we parted again.

I kept praying all the time. I did not now think at all of those accidents that might possibly happen to her, and of those dreadful things which my mind before had conjured up. I had a sort of peace and quiet — a belief that we should find her somewhere. Hope, and I believe now, as I look back upon it, faith in God, sustained me. By and by, as I was walking along the busy street, wondering how all those people could help feeling as anxious as I did, I saw mother coming. She was going into every store, and asking if the people had seen her child.

"Oh, mother!" said I, running up to

her, "how *do* you feel? Do you believe that we shall *ever* find her?"

"Yes, my dear, I believe we shall," was her reply. "Kitty is in God's hands. He knows her, and will take care of her."

"Why, how do you *know*, mother? Some children are never found."

"But *I have asked him* to take charge of her, and restore her to us," said mother, and her voice trembled.

"Well, I feel just so, too," said I; "I have been praying to God ever since I came out, and I *expect* we shall find her."

Mother's face brightened up in a moment, and she smiled. "Oh, I am glad," said she, "that you have been praying too. I am glad my little girl thought of that. We will keep on praying, and at the same time we will do all we can to find the little darling." And we separated again.

We met the next time on our front steps. It was seven o'clock, and was growing dark. Mother was the last one to come back. She came walking slowly up the street, as if she was very tired, as she must have been, and her eyes were downcast. "No Kitty," she simply said, as she came up the steps, and saw our troubled, anxious faces.

"We can do no more," said father; "we must now wait a while. If she is picked up by one of the police, she will be brought to the station, or at any rate to the City Hall, and there they know where to send her."

But we must all have *thought* — *I* did, I am sure — supposing she should be picked up by somebody else, how would she ever get back to our sorrowful home and aching hearts?

"I have been to every place that I

could think of," said mother. "The city isn't like the country to lose a child in, and I suppose it is useless to go further. But how can I come in," she added, tremulously, "while my baby is out?"

We lingered about the door. We didn't feel like talking, and yet we talked — as if that were a consolation — about where we had been, and the various adventures we had met with. One had seen just such a child, with a red dress and white apron, and straw hat trimmed with blue; but when she ran up to her, and looked up under her bonnet, it wasn't Kitty at all. Another had been told at the station house about a child that had strayed from home the week before, and was gone two days and three nights before he was found. And some one else told about a mother who had gone crazy because she had lost her child.

I listened to all that was said, and still, unwilling to give up the hope I had, that we should soon see our little lost one again, I strained my eyes through the twilight up and down the street, if so be I might discover something favorable. Presently I saw a man, with a little girl in his arms, turn the corner nearest the house. He was coming toward us. How my heart fluttered! I fairly trembled as I stood there, hoping and yet fearing, and afraid to stir or speak lest I should excite hopes to be again crushed. At that moment mother turned and caught sight of the same object, at which I was so earnestly and expectantly gazing. Her quick eye knew her child at the first glance.

"She has come!" she cried, and sprang down the steps toward her. In an instant we were all there, and the kind-hearted, smiling policeman was laying his precious burden in mother's arms.

"She is safe," he said, "but she was very tired, and fell asleep on my shoulder."

The poor little thing! What she had been through of terror and anguish all that long afternoon, we knew not, and never can know, for her little tongue could never tell the painful story. Her dress was soiled, her apron torn, the little hat bent in unseemly shapes, and the traces of streaming tears were clearly discernible down her little dirty cheeks. One tiny hand clinched fast the hoop she had carried out with her, and in the other was a bit of candy, which the condition of her mouth and face told very plainly she had been eating. Her sweet blue eyes were closed in weary slumber.

How we kissed her, over and over again, "dirt and all," father said! And how we thanked the policeman again and

again for treating her so tenderly! Father asked him to take money, but he refused. He said they were not allowed to receive pay for such things; "and besides," said he, "I shouldn't want to, for I've got little children of my own." Father told him we should all remember him with a great deal of affection, and perhaps some day we should have an opportunity to do him or his family some kindness, and we all felt that we should indeed be very glad to do so.

We washed and undressed the little runaway, but she scarcely awoke to consciousness while we were doing it; and when I brought her little mug of milk, that she might drink before she went to bed, she turned her head away from it, and cuddled down in mother's bosom with such a satisfied look! And mother looked satisfied too, and happy.

"I didn't know before how much I loved my children," said she, as she bent over and kissed the little sleeper.

"Somebody pitied her, and was kind to her," said aunt Carrie. "They found her crying, no doubt, and gave her that candy to please and comfort her."

"Our prayers were heard, mother," said I, getting close down, so that no one else could hear me.

"Yes, she has been kept from distressing accident, has been treated kindly, and has been restored to us. How grateful we ought to be!"

"I think we ought to tell God now that we thank him for hearing us and answering our prayers; don't you, mother?"

She smiled upon me again, just as she had that afternoon in the street.

"Oh, my daughter," she said, "I am so glad that you have learned to whom to go

when you are in distress, and also how to recognize an answer to prayer when it comes, and to acknowledge it with love! That is a true Christian feeling, and I do not regret all the pain and anxiety I have had this afternoon, since it has been the means of developing in you such an experience. It gives me more joy to discover such feelings in you, than even to find our dear, lost little Kitty. Never forget this, my dear daughter, all your life long, and you will never be overwhelmed by any distress or sorrow that can come upon you. When we have God as the Rock of our refuge, and know how to fall back when evil comes, and hide ourselves in him, we are always secure. Nothing can harm us."

"We can appreciate now," said father, at family worship that evening, "something of the feelings of our heavenly Fa-

ther when sinners return to him. We read that 'Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost,' and that when a sinner is found and saved, all heaven rejoices over him."

Then we all sang the hymn, —

"I was a wandering sheep ;
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice ;
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child ;
I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Father's voice ;
I loved afar to roam !

"The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild ;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

"They spoke in tender love;
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds;
My fainting soul they fed;
They washed my filth away;
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer!

"Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul;
'Twas he that washed me in his blood;
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to his fold;
'Tis he that still doth keep.

"No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice;
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love — I love his home."

I don't think I ever felt happier than I did that night. Mother said she thought we could say, in the words of David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" and I felt so too. It was a short affliction, to be sure, but it was a very painful one. I think, now that I am older, that we always feel happier for the trials we have, when they lead us to God. It makes us know and love him so much better.

The next morning Kitty awoke bright and early. She looked all around the room, as if to assure herself that she was in the right place, and then she clapped her little hands, and sung, "Kitty Co-ver home 'gain! Kitty Co-ver home 'gain!" She remembered what she had suffered the day before, and we never lost our Kitty again.

THE NEW HEART.

Little Ernest knelt every morning at his mother's knee to say his prayer. He was very particular about the words he used, and did not like to say every day the same. So his mother changed the words from time to time, to interest and please him. But there was one petition he was never willing to have left out. It was this: "O God, please to give me a new heart, that when I die I may go to heaven and live with Jesus and the holy angels." His mother was always careful to have him put in the little word "that" instead of "and," which he sometimes used, because she wanted him to feel that his going to heaven depended entirely upon his having the new heart — that he could not be received into the home of Jesus and the angels without it.

One morning, when he rose from his knees, he said, "Mother, what is a heart? — tell me."

Now Ernie was a little fellow, only three years old, and his mother hardly believed she could explain to him what a heart was, so that he could understand it; but she took him up on her knee and tried.

"Ernie," said she, "there is something inside this little body of yours that keeps thinking — thinking — all the time. Sometimes it thinks good things, and sometimes naughty things. Sometimes it makes you love papa and mamma, and try to please them, and sometimes you don't want to please them. Don't you know it is so?"

"Yes, and I think about Lillie, and I think about God, and I think about 'Old John Brown,' and all sorts of things."

"Certainly you do. Well, this part of

you that keeps thinking is your heart, and this is the part that is going to live always. When this little body shall die, and be buried away in Greenwood, the heart will go to God. If it is a good heart, he will take it into his own beautiful home; but if it is a naughty heart, he will send it away from him for ever."

"Oh," said Ernest, "I'll have a good heart."

"Yes, that is what you ask for every day. The heart you have now is not good. It does not love to do right. It doesn't love to mind papa and mamma, and it gets angry, and makes you say naughty words. And God can't have naughty hearts in heaven, for they would make him and all the good angels unhappy. We must pray for a new heart—mustn't we?"

The next morning Ernie, of his own

accord, added some new words to his little prayer. He said, "O God, please to give me a new heart, and *take this old naughty heart right out.*"

Little boy, have you got the new heart yet, that will make you fit for heaven? or is the "old naughty" one still there? Won't you ask God to change it right away, lest you should die soon? It would be a sad, sad thing to have to die before you have the pure and holy heart, which God requires of all who are admitted to heaven.

"THEY LOOK SO."

"Oh, mother, just see my freckles!" exclaimed Fannie Chase.

"Yes, I see them; but what of that?"

"*How they do look!*"

"They don't hurt you, do they?"

"Oh, no."

"Do they injure your sight at all?"

"Why, no, mother, of course not."

"Or prevent your smelling or hearing?"

"No."

"What harm do they do then?"

"Why, *they look so*, mother."

"*How* do they look?"

"So dreadful homely. A lady went by here to-day when I was on the steps, and I heard her say, 'What an ugly child!'"

"Were you behaving improperly?"

"No."

"Were you impolite or unamiable?"

"No."

"Then how were you ugly?"

"*Ugly looking*, mother."

"But looks are all outside — they don't affect us seriously — do they?"

"Well, no, perhaps not."

"Can't you be just as obedient, industrious, obliging, gentle — good, with freckles as without them?"

"Yes."

"And sensible and good people, who think more of the disposition than of the looks, would esteem and love you just as well with the freckles as if you had none, wouldn't they?"

"Yes."

"And when God and the holy angels look down out of heaven upon you, do you think they look at the freckles, or at the conduct?"

"Oh, mother, don't; — you do make me so ashamed."

THE COUNTRY BOY.

WHERE do I live?
Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!
And what would you give
The secret to know?

I live where the fresh winds are blowing,
Where flowers and fruits are growing,
And the wee, wee rivers are flowing —
In the country, the country I live!

I live where the bright birds are winging
Their way through the green woods singing,
Till the air with their music is ringing —
In the country, the country I live!

I live where the squirrels are leaping,
And the field-mice their revels are keeping,
While the white cow at noonday is sleeping —
In the country, the country I live!

I live where the children are straying
All day in the wild woods a-maying,
Or in the sweet clover-fields playing —
In the country, the country I live!

I tell you 'tis wonderful pleasant.
This free, humble life of the peasant,
Where God, too, is every where present —
In the country, the country I live!

In the country I live,
Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!
And what would you give
For a home there too?

THE CITY BOY.

Where do I live?
Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!
And what would you give
The secret to know?

I live where the steamboats are plying,
Where the newsboys are constantly crying,
And folks are selling and buying —
In the great, busy city I live!

I live where the hot dust is blowing,
And crowds are coming and going,
And peddlers their wares are showing —
In the great, busy city I live!

I live where the "sweep-ho's" are singing,
Where signs from shop windows are swinging,
And the noisy bells always are dinging —
In the great, busy city I live!

I live where the children are sighing,
And fretting in close rooms, and dying,
When they ought, like the birds, to be flying —
In the great, busy city I live!

But schools we have here and kind teachers,
And churches and eloquent preachers,
And God in his greatness can reach us,
Though in the great city we live!

In the city I live,
Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!
And wouldn't you like
A home here too?